

Calebbe Shillocke, his Prophetie:

or, the Jewes Prediction. To the tune of Bragandarie.



TO Caleb Shillocks propheties,
Who list to lend an eare,
Of grieve, and great calamitie,
A sad Discourse shall heare:
Of plagues (for time) shall come enfew
Prognosticated by this Jew:
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy,
Hold thy heauie hand.

And first, within this present peere,
Being Sixteenth hundredth yeare:
The Sunne or Planets shall appeare,
Like flaming fire in heau'n,
Like flaming fire his radiant rayes
To all shall seeme (old Shillock sayes).
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy,
Hold thy heauie hand.

No mortall man shall able bee,
(He be skinned) to looke
Upon this fearful Progedie,
This times last by doome:
This looke, by which he looke may line
The cause of our griefe and paine.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

For he that dares to gaze vpon
The Sunne, so bright, all bright,
Shall neuer after gaze vpon
In direct light, or light:
But suddainly be stricken blind,
As leaues are shaken with the wind.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

And next to this, old Shillock sayes,
The waters shall arise,
And set a period to the dayes
Of many towne, and wife:
And all that know't by eye, or eare,
Shall stand (almost) distraught with feare.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

And after this hath playde his part,
In Carobs Scrowle I finde,
Another wee to wound the heart,
And to crosse the number:
The winds (he sayes) shall strangely blow
And strong-built houses ouerthrow.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

With greater Waters after this,
The Earth shall plagued bee,
For our God incensed is,
By our impietie:
So fore a flood shall godly Noe,
As is to come, neare man did know.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

Three dayes this flood
Thy learned Caleb sayes
Within her watry mai
And iust as many nightes
Then imagine you the
The sodaine death of me
O Lord, Lord in thy
hold thy heauie ha

For to imagine the euen
(With searching care)
Of such a wofull accide
Would make the hear
For vnder such a wof
full many wofull sight
O Lord, Lord in thy

Of Heretikes and Inf
A multitude shall rocke
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With hope, like strong
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Deat, Deaths Ambass
To act his fatal part,
To summon to receiue:
According to defect:
But, to defect, O gracious Lord,
Let thy Iudgement then accord.
O Lord, Lord in thy

Whole Families at once, shall lie
Sore sicke vpon their beddes:
From house to house shall sicknesse lie,
When his infection spreades:
When he has paide them, murther death,
Shall stop, to stop their vitall breath.
O Lord, Lord in thy

Through all the world, Great trouble, next
(He sayth) there shall be scene,
As strife about the Holy text,
The meaning altering cleene.
About Religion strife shall rise:
Enlighten Lord, our heartes and eyes.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

The Turke spyes next in dangers way,
With violence his God,
(His Duell rather, I should say)
to loose his Regall rod:
For in his Land a ciuill strife
Shall many men bereaue of life.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy,
hold thy heauie hand.

from Ciuill warres, shall famine rise,
And all that Land oppresse:
In Mahomet no comfort lies,
When men are in distresse.
To Christians, shall his people flee
for succour in their miserie.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy, &c.

When time, has bozne these plagges away,
More greuous shall succede,
More heauie Iudgements of the Lord,
Against vs shall proceede.
The Earth (with wind inclosed therem)
Shall quake and tremble, for our sinne.
O Lord, Lord in thy mercy,
Hold thy heauie hand.

50 MILLIMETRES
The high-built Houses, on the earth,
quaking earth shall lay,
en many at their feastes and mirth,
in to end spoies and play
(Distressing no such thing) are set,
Our sinnes defect we still to get.
O Lord, &c.

11
In (for a time) the Seas grow calme,
Sates are cleere, and full:
rich time of stillnesse (like to calme)
as many, greafe would kill:
but when our hopes stand faire for peace
our sorowes shall againe increase.
O Lord, &c.

10 CENTIMETRES
Other Earth quake presently,
rt-wounding sorrow hynges,
nourning Houses, Churches, his
Trees, and other things.
Our sinnes, like Hiora: heads, increase,
Jehs should our plagges and toymets
O Lord, &c.

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In the part (Boetius sayes)
new discreete and wise,
vonderous things to search the cause:
tis the Simples quife,
to gaze vpon the thing that's done,
to nere looke how, or why't begun.
O Lord, &c.

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In let vs search into the cause
hole, with plagues are past,
to repentance they may draine
to amend at last.
The cause is Sin, our Sinne's the cause:
Relect of Gods decrees, and lawes.
O Lord, &c.

O let vs turne vnto the Lord,
For he (alone) is hee,
That can from water, fire, and sword
At's pleasure set vs free.
If we by grace, cast Sin away,
By mercy he his hand will lay.
O Lord, &c.

O Let vs flee those deadly sinnes
The Conscience ouerclopes,
The Conscience, Soules Saluation wins
Of life the Soule destroyes,
Let's labour then to keepe it free,
That God, in glory, wee may see.
O Lord, &c.

O Lord, with thy all launing hand
Our King and Queene defend:
The Peire to this united Land
And all their illnesse tend.
The Honorable Countsell bleste
With many dayes, and happines.
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Upon this terrible tragedie,
This doome is laid by decree:
This looke, by which he looke may see
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A comfortable new Ballad of a Dreamer of a Sinner, being very
troubled with the assaults of Satan. To the tune of *Regent*.



I in slumbring slepe I lay
all night alone in bed,
A vision very strange
there came into my head,

We thought the day of doome
undoubtedly was come,
And Christ himselfe was there
to iudge both all and some.

My selfe was sent for there
with sound of Trumpet shrill,
Which said, All soules come heare
your sentence god will.

I late in minde amay'd,
at that same sudden voyce,
For in mine owne good life
no wylt I could reioyce.

With panting brest I pant'd
at that same sudden sight,
Not trusting to my selfe,
but to Christs merces great.

I was no longer meant,
but Satan came, we thought,
With him a role full large
of all my life he brought.

And said before the Lord
how that I was his owne,
And would have had me then,
my sinnes so great were growne.

I quaking lay with feare,
and wist not what to doe,

But in the blood of Christ
I trusted full unto.

Then said our Saviour Christ,
soule Satan end thy strife,
Loke if the sinners name
be in the booke of life.

If he be entered there,
then must he needs be blest,
His sinnes he waith away,
his soule with me shall rest.

Then Satan toke the booke,
old lease by lease unfold,
And there he found my name
in letters limbd with gold.

Then Satan sorrowed much
at that same sudden sight,
And said unto the Lord,
thy Judgements are not right.

And thus our Saviour Christ
said to him by and by,
Then, Satan, know'st thou well
that I for sinne did dye.

Redeeming all the world,
once overthrowne by thee,
And so will save all such
as truly trust in me.

My mortall foe was tozeld,
that he had lost his prey,
Extremely vexed was,
and banisht quite away.

But I that thus was bill'd
with this that blessed booke,
Out of my slumbring slepe
so softly awoke.

Still praying to the Lord,
that alwayes sinners may
from Satan be set free,
at the last dreadful day.

That after earthly toyles,
we may heauen ioyes attaine,
Here learne to live to God,
that we may live againe.

Our noble royall King,
God grant him long to reigne,
To live in ioy and peace,
the Gospell to maintaine.

London Printed for E. Wright.

FINIS